

HERE COMES THE POSTMAN



CURRICULUM

DOROTHEA PARK

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COMMUNITY LIFE SERIES

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Here Comes the Postman

By

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Illustrated by

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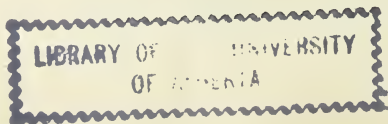
BY DOROTHEA PARK

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Letters To Mail

Flip-it-ty flip! Betty flipped a big white letter into the fireplace.

Billy flipped a big white letter into the fireplace.

Crackle! Crackle! Crackle!

Bright flames danced and jumped for Billy's letter. They jumped for Betty's letter.

"There they go, up in smoke!" shouted Billy.

"Up in smoke! Up in smoke!" sang Betty. "Santa Claus! Santa Claus! Can you read smoke?"

A jolly big laugh came from outdoors, and then into the room walked Father!



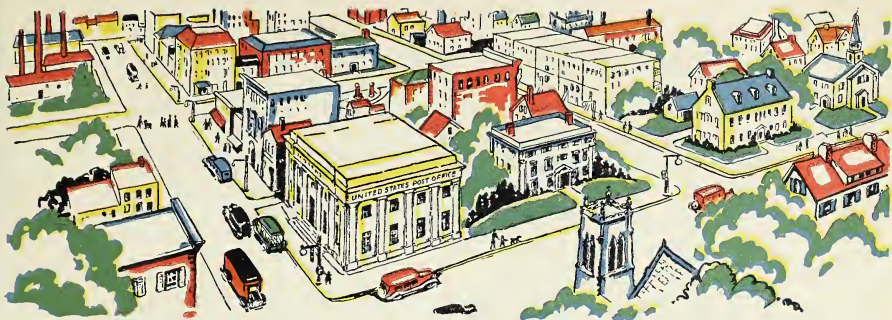
“Pops! Pops!” shouted Betty and Billy.
“We wrote letters to Santa Claus.”

“And sent them up in smoke,” said Billy. “You can’t carry them in your letter bag!”

“No, Billy,” said Pops. “I do not carry smoke letters. All the letters I carry go through the post office.”

Pops carried letters every day. He carried bags full of letters. Pops was a postman.

Pops was a postman in Button Brook. Billy and Betty lived in this town.



Button Brook was not a big city. It was not a little town. It was just middle-sized Button Brook.

“Let’s write a real letter like the ones our Postman Pops carries,” said Billy. “Let’s write a letter to Grandmother.”

“Let’s ask her to come for Christmas,” said Betty.

“Good!” said Postman Pops. “And here is a ticket to put on your letter to Grandmother.”

“Ticket!” said Betty, surprised.

“Oh,” laughed Billy, “it’s a stamp!”



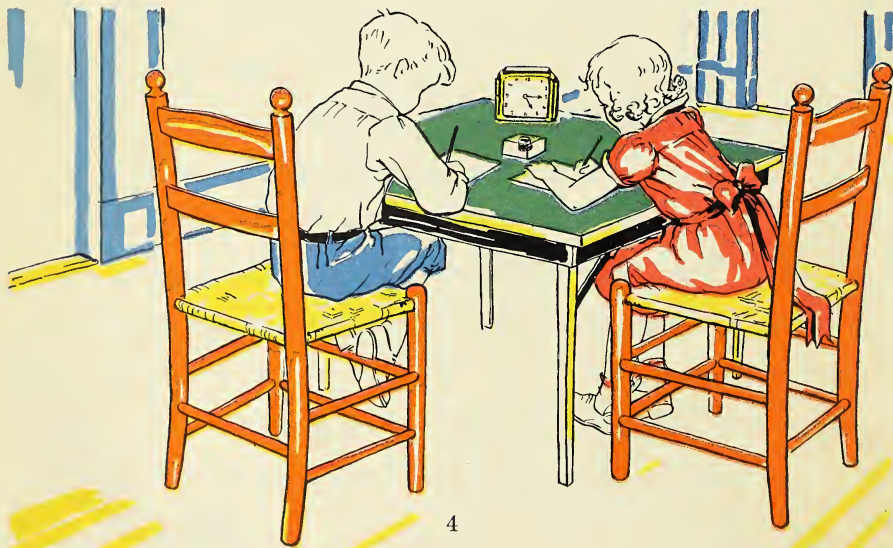
“We can write a letter now,” said Betty, running for pens and paper. “You write one, Billy. I’ll write one, too. We can put them into the same envelope.”

Tick! Tick! Tick!

The clock on the table ticked and ticked.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!
went Betty’s pen.

Scratch! Scratch! went Billy’s pen.



"Here is my letter, Pops," said Billy.

Button Brook
New York
December 2

Dear Grams,

We just sent smoke letters
to Santa Claus. We told him
to send you to our house for
Christmas. Please come!

Love,
Billy

"And here's my letter," said Betty.

Button Brook
New York
December 2

Dear Grams,

Please come and be our
Christmas present. A ticket is
taking this letter to you. Can you
guess what the ticket is?

Love,
Betty

Billy wrote Grandmother's name on the envelope. Under it, he wrote the name of the place where Grandmother lived.

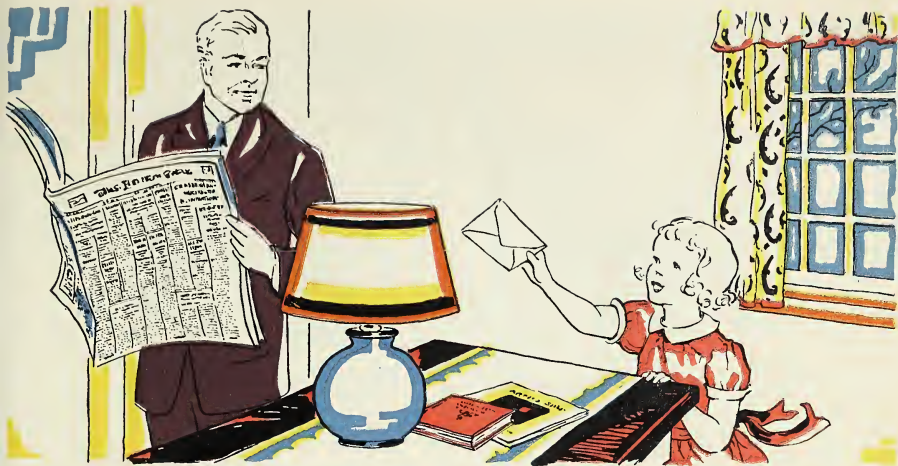
He wrote his name and Betty's name in the upper left corner. Under that he wrote the name of the place where they lived.

Betty put the stamp in the upper right corner. The letter looked like this.

Billy and Betty Andrews
304 State Street
Button Brook, N.Y.



Mrs. A. J. Andrews
453 Pine Street
Port East
Connecticut



“Now, Mr. Postman,” said Betty, “here is a letter all ready for you.”

“No, no,” said Pops. “You and Billy may mail this letter at the post office in the morning.”

“What fun, Betty!” shouted Billy. “We can walk back to the post office with Pops after he delivers the letters on our street. We will mail our letter. Then we’ll go skating on Button Brook Pond.”



Whiz! Plop! The Letter Slot!

“Here we go
Three in a row,” sang Betty.
Clippity-Clippity-Clip!
Clippity-Clippity-Clip!

Away went Billy and Betty and Pops
to the post office.

Bump! Bump! Bumpity-Bump!

Up and down! Up and down! went the
empty letter bag on Pops’ back.

"I will carry your letter bag," said Billy.
"It isn't very heavy."

"No, but it is very strong," said Pops.
"When it is full of letters, it is heavy.
Sometimes I carry fifty pounds of letters!"

"Fifty pounds is almost as much as I weigh," said Betty.

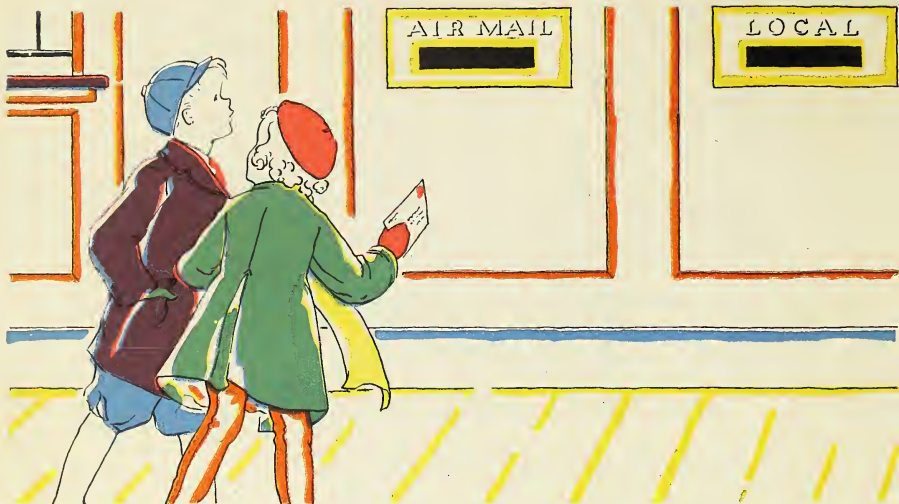
"You would make a lively bunch of letters, Betty," said Pops.

Betty laughed and laughed.

On and on they walked.

"Here we are at the post office," called Pops. "I am early. I will have time to go into the front part of the post office with you.

"We will mail your letter to Grams. Then I will go to the back room to sort letters. I must get the letters ready for the next mail delivery."



They went into the post office.

“I know where Grams’ letter goes,”
said Billy.

“Let Betty mail it,” said Pops.

“All right,” said Billy. “Do you know
which slot to put it through?”

“This one says ‘Airmail,’” said Betty.

“Not there,” said Billy. “Letters put
into that slot ride on airplanes.”



“This slot says ‘Local,’” called Betty.

“Letters put through that slot stay in Button Brook,” said Billy.

“What does it say above this slot?” asked Betty. “O-u-t-g-o-i-n-g, outgoing,” she said.

“Letters put through that slot go to other cities,” said Billy.

“Right,” laughed Pops.

“Put the letter here,” said Billy.

Betty put the letter through the slot.

Zip! Grams' letter was gone.

Plop! Billy and Betty heard it fall on the other side of the wall.

"Did it fall on the floor?" asked Betty.

"Oh no," said Pops. "It went into a basket."

"Where will it go next?" asked Betty.

"Some day I will show you," said Pops.

"I must go now. Good-by!"

Skip! Skip! Skip-it-ty skip! Billy and Betty went off to skate.



Mother's Funny Riddle

"I am coming after you today," said Billy and Betty's mother. "I am coming in the car. I shall meet you when school is out."

"Where are we going?" asked Billy.

"We are going to see something you have never seen before," said Mother.

"What is it, Mumsy?" asked Billy.

"Where is it, Mumsy?" asked Betty.

Mother laughed. "I'll tell you only this," she said. "You have been in the front part of it, but you have not been in the back part. What is it?"

Billy and Betty guessed and guessed. At school they asked the other boys and girls to help guess the answer.

Ann said, "It may be a new car."

"No," said Billy. "It couldn't be. We would know if we had been in the front part of a new car."

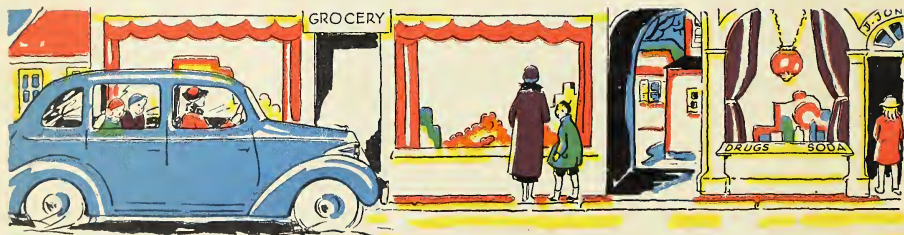
"It may be a train," said Tom.

"No," said Billy. "We have been in the back part of a train, but we haven't been in the front part."

All the boys and girls tried to guess the answer.

Four o'clock! Off hurried Billy and Betty! Mother was waiting in the car.

"Now for the answer! Now for the answer!" shouted Betty.



“Not yet,” said Mother.

She pulled open the door.

Billy and Betty jumped into the car.
Billy sat on the edge of the seat. Betty
sat on the edge of the seat.

Down the road went the car. It went
by the station. It went by the library.
It went by rows and rows of stores. It
stopped in front of ——

THE POST OFFICE.



Billy and Betty laughed and laughed.

“How funny that we couldn’t guess that easy riddle!” said Betty.

“May we really go into the back part of the post office?” asked Billy.

“Yes,” said Mother. “Your father asked the postmaster. Only the people who work there are supposed to go into the back rooms. Anyone else must ask the postmaster before he goes in.”

A mail clerk opened the post office door. Betty, Billy, and Mother went inside with him.

Near the door was a big table. Betty and Billy stopped. They stood on the tippity tips of their tip-toes. They peeped over the edge of the table.

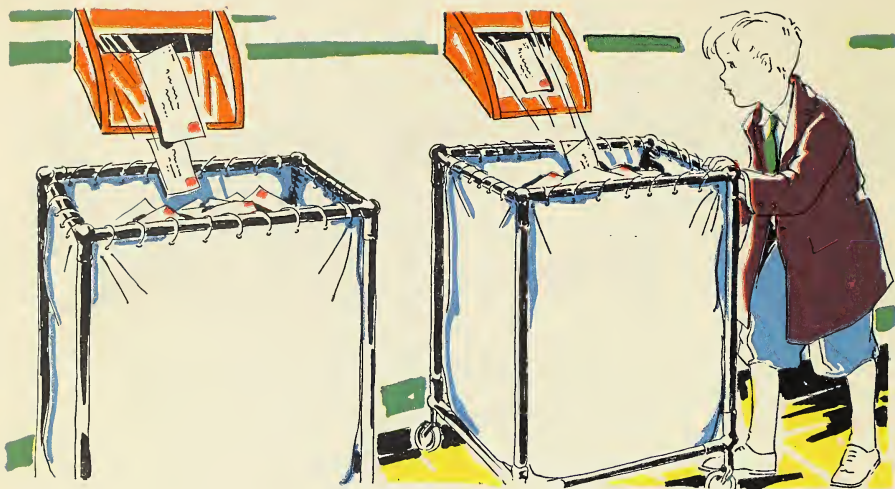
“That box is open! There is a doll falling out!” cried Betty.



“This is what happens,” said the mail clerk, “when you don’t wrap and tie the packages carefully. Sometimes the string slips off. Sometimes the paper tears. If the packages come open before they are delivered, everything in them may fall out and get lost!”

“I never thought of that before,” said Billy. “I will remember to tie all my packages so that the string and paper will stay on.”

“Now,” said the mail clerk, “let’s go and see the letters.”



Billy and Betty's Letter

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Plop! Down went a letter into a big basket.

Whiz! Whiz! Out whizzed another letter from the next slot.

Plop! It fell into a basket.

“On the other side,” said Billy, “the slots say ‘Air mail,’ ‘Local,’ ‘Foreign,’ and ‘Out-going.’”

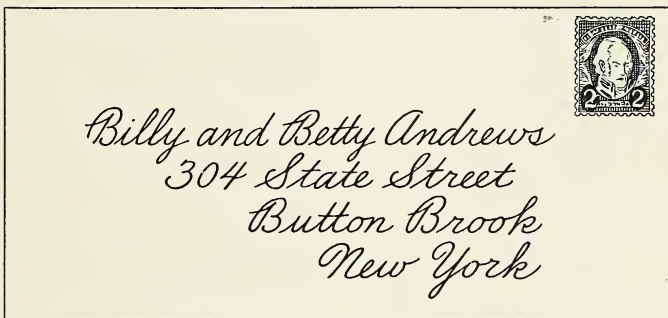
“Right,” said a voice behind them.

“Here is Pops!” cried Billy.

“We thought you were out delivering letters,” said Betty.

“All my letters are delivered,” said Postman Pops. “My work is done. I have worked eight hours. Now I will show you what happens to letters in the post office.”

Pops put his hand in his pocket. He took out a letter. It had a stamp in the corner. The letter said:



“For us,” said Billy.

“What is in it?” asked Betty.

“Secrets,” said Mother.

“Everything is secrets just before Christmas,” laughed Betty.

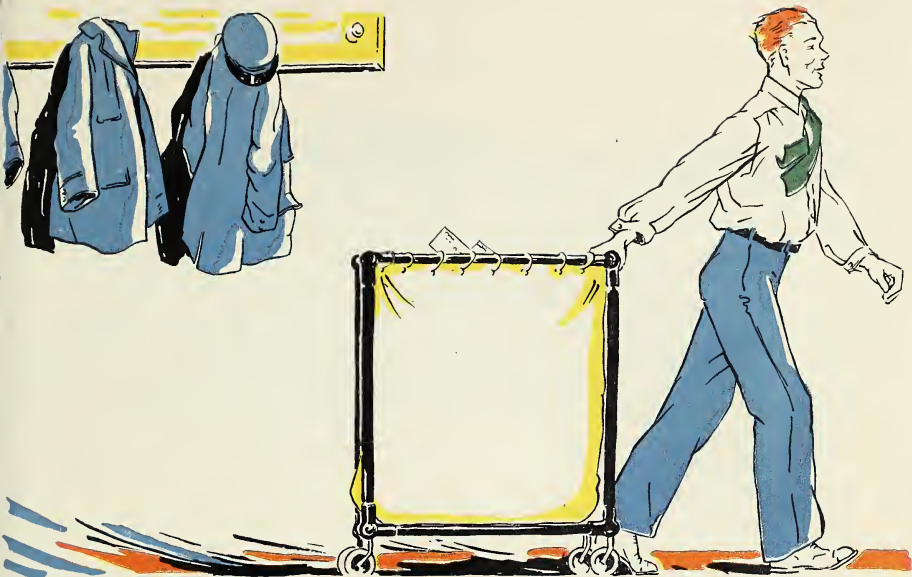
“Billy is going to mail this letter,” said Postman Pops. “Here, Billy, run around to the front room of this post office. Drop this letter into the ‘Local’ slot. We shall watch it come out into the basket.”

Away went Billy with the letter. Out the back door, around the post office, and through the front door, he ran.

Through the slot — Whiz! Plop! came the letter.

“Did it fall into the basket?” Billy shouted through the slot.

“Right in the middle of the letter pile!” Betty shouted back.



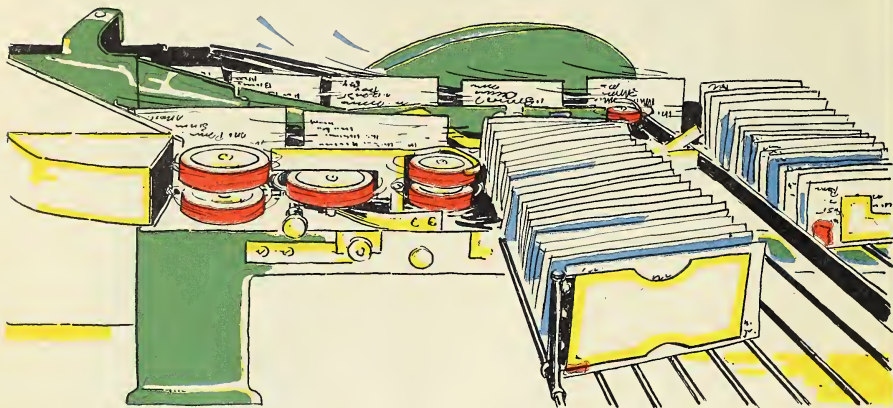
Out the front door, around the post office, through the back door, ran Billy.

In came a mail clerk with an empty basket.

He took away a basket full of letters. He put the empty basket under the slot.

Pull! Pull! He pulled the basket of letters across the floor.

Wheels and moving belts run the letters along and stack them ready for canceling.



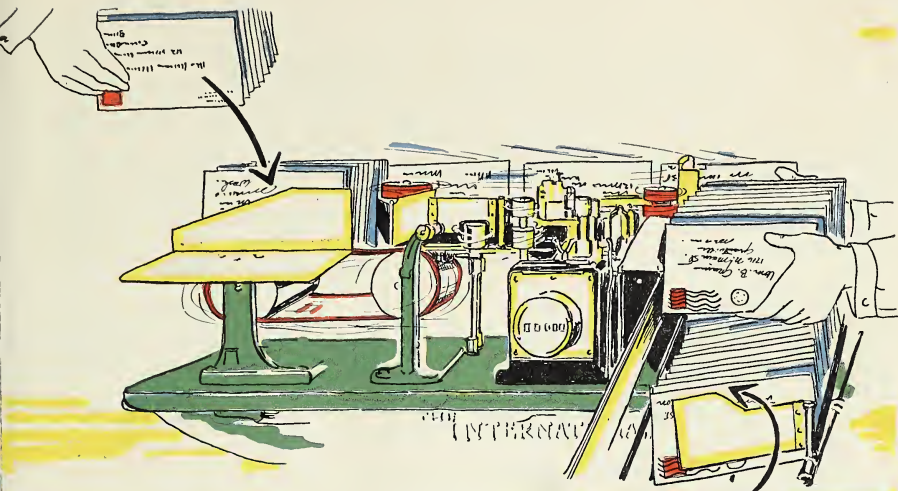
“Let’s see what happens to the letters,”
said Pops.

Billy and Betty ran after the clerk.

Burr! Burr! Burr! went a big machine.

The machine was as high as Billy’s
nose. On each end of the machine was
a long tray. Wheels carried letters through
the machine.

Burr! Burr! Burr!



The canceled letters come out here.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The clerk piled the letters. He put them on the tray.

Into the machine went the letters with clean stamps.

Out of the machine came the letters, with big black marks on each stamp!

Billy looked surprised.

Thump! Thump! went the machine.

“What is it doing?” asked Betty.

“Each time it goes ‘Thump,’” said Pops, “it stamps the date and Button Brook on the letters. It is a canceling machine.”

Push! Push! Push! The clerk pushed the letters along.

Letters fell fast.

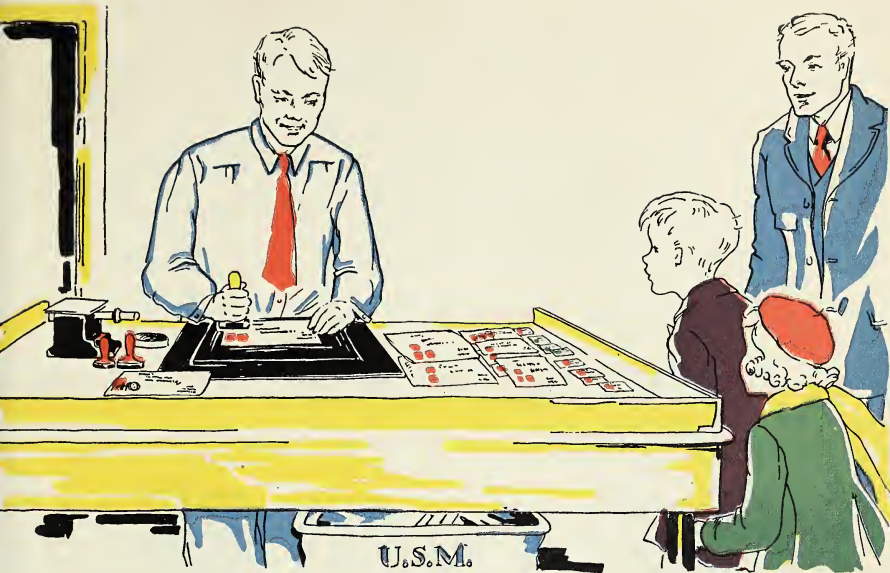
“Look!” shouted Billy. “See how fast the machine goes.”

“That machine does as much work as twelve men,” said Pops.

Burr! Burr! Plop! Plop!

“Do all the letters go through the canceling machines?” asked Billy.

“All but the very big letters and the very little letters,” said Pops. “The big ones and the little ones are canceled by hand. In small post offices all letters are canceled by hand.”



“Look!” said Pops. “This mail clerk is canceling big letters and little letters. He is canceling them by hand.”

Stamp! Stamp! Stamp! Stamp!

The clerk canceled a big letter. He canceled a little letter.

Push! Push! Push! He pushed the basket of canceled letters across the room.

“Let’s see what happens next,” said Pops.

Clerks put the letters on a long table. At the back of the table was the letter sorter. It looked like hundreds of little boxes set on top of each other.



The clerks stood at the table and put letters into the boxes.

“What are they doing?” asked Betty.

“They are sorting the letters,” said Pops.
“They put letters for other towns and states in those boxes.”

The clerks worked so fast that Betty couldn't count the letters.

“What letters are going into that bag?” asked Billy.

“All the letters for California,” said Postman Pops.

“I will take that big pile of letters for California out of the sorter,” said a clerk.
“You can see them start on their way.”

Plop! Plop! Plop! All the letters for California dropped into the bag.

“When shall we see our letter again?” asked Billy.

“In the morning,” said Postman Pops.

“That will be Saturday,” shouted Billy.

“We’ll be home when Pops brings the mail!”

“Postman Pops,

Postman Pops,

Put a letter

Into our box!” sang Betty.

“I will surely do that,” said Pops.

Pops took Betty’s hand. He took Billy’s hand. Out of the back door, down the steps, went Mother, Betty, Billy, and Postman Pops.





A Post Office On Wheels

Clip! Clip! Clippity-clip!

Up the street came Postman Pops in
his postman's coat and hat.

"Here comes our Pops," sang Betty.

Pops put his hand into his big letter
bag. He pulled out a bunch of letters.

Up to a house walked Pops. Into a
letter box went the letters.

Out to the street came Pops. Up to the next house he walked. Into a letter box he dropped some letters.

Billy and Betty stood on the porch. Billy jumped up and down. Betty danced with joy. They called out to Pops,

“Postman Pops,
Postman Pops,
Put a letter
Into our box!”

“Here he comes to our house,” said Billy.

Up the walk came Pops.

‘Here is a letter for you,’ he said.

Billy and Betty laughed. “Thank you, Mr. Postman,” they said.

They took the letter and ran into the house.

Zip! went the paper cutter.



Out came this letter:

Dear Betty and Billy,

Have you ever seen a post office on wheels? Would you like to see one today? Then meet me after work at the railroad station. I shall be there at five o'clock.

Pops

“Whee!” whistled Billy.

“What do you suppose a post office on wheels is?” asked Betty.

“Trains!” said Billy. “Trains!”

Betty and Billy hurried with their work. Betty cleaned her room. She sewed a button on her dress.

Billy piled wood by the fireplace. Then he cleaned the porch.

Soon Betty and Billy were at the station.

The big town clock went ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

Postman Pops met them outside the station.

“Right on time,” he said. “Look! Here comes the mail truck. It is coming to meet the post office on wheels.”

Chug! Chug! Chug! Up came a big truck. Out jumped the driver.



The driver opened the truck doors.

Billy and Betty saw a high pile of mail bags inside.

"Where do all those mail bags come from?" asked Billy.

"From our own Button Brook post office," said Pops.

"Why didn't you ride to the station on the truck, too?" asked Billy.

"It is against the rule to ride on the truck," Pops told Billy and Betty.

"Why?" Billy asked.

"It is a post office rule. Only the driver may ride on the mail truck," said Pops.

"Sometimes when there is special mail, the postmaster sends another clerk along to help."

"I should like to ride on a mail truck," said Billy.

“Then you will have to work in the post office and drive a mail truck when you grow up,” said Postman Pops.

“Here comes the train!” shouted Billy.

“And the post office on wheels,” said Pops, laughing.

A big black engine came puffing up the track. It pulled a long express train.

Ding dong! Ding dong! Ts-ch! Ts-ch!
The train stopped.

“Come!” called Pops.





They hurried past cars. People looked out of the windows. It was a long train.

They came to the baggage cars. Trunks and boxes were in one car.

The big doors of the next car opened. It was the mail car.

“The post office on wheels!” shouted Billy.

All the bags from the truck were put into the mail car. The men worked fast.

“May we go in?” asked Betty.



“No,” said Pops. “Only the mail-car clerks may go into the mail car. But you may look in.”

There were little boxes hanging all around the sides of the car. There were empty bags hanging at one end.

“On each box or bag is the name of a city or state,” said Pops. “The clerks sort the letters while the train is going. The bags are put off at the stations.”



“Sometimes the train doesn’t stop at small stations,” said Pops. “Then the mail clerk gets the bag from a tall pole as the train goes by. He also throws off the bag for that station.”

Choo! Choo! Choo-oo-ooo!

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

Away went the big black engine with the post office on wheels.



Square Knots For Packages

Mumsy and Pops were wrapping their Christmas packages.

“May we help?” said Billy.

“It is not easy to tie packages for the mail,” said Pops.

“Please show us how,” said Betty.

“Watch me,” said Postman Pops. “I’ll show you how to tie packages so that they will stay tied!”

Pops got an empty shoe box. He tied it with a string. Each time he tied the string, he made a square knot.

“Boy Scouts make square knots,” said Billy. “They won’t slip.”

“Square knots are the best for tying packages,” said Postman Pops. “Square knots stay tied.”

He gave a box to Betty. She put the string around her box. She put it around twice the long way. Pops showed her how to make a square knot.

Betty put the string twice around the short way. She made another square knot, all by herself.

“Good,” said Pops.

Then Billy tied a box in the same way.

“Good,” said Pops. “Now write on the address — the name, the town, and the state.”

“Before we put the paper on?” asked Billy in surprise.



“Oh yes,” said Postman Pops. “We’ll write the name and place on the shoe box. Then we will print it on the outside again. That is the best way. If the paper tears or the address comes off the outside, the address will be on the inside.”

Then Postman Pops wrapped the box with heavy brown paper. He put the paper around twice. Billy tied the box again with string and made square knots.

“Now each of you may wrap a box for mailing,” said Postman Pops.

Billy and Betty printed the address on the box. They wrapped the paper around twice. Then they tied the string with square knots.

They printed addresses in ink on the outside, too.

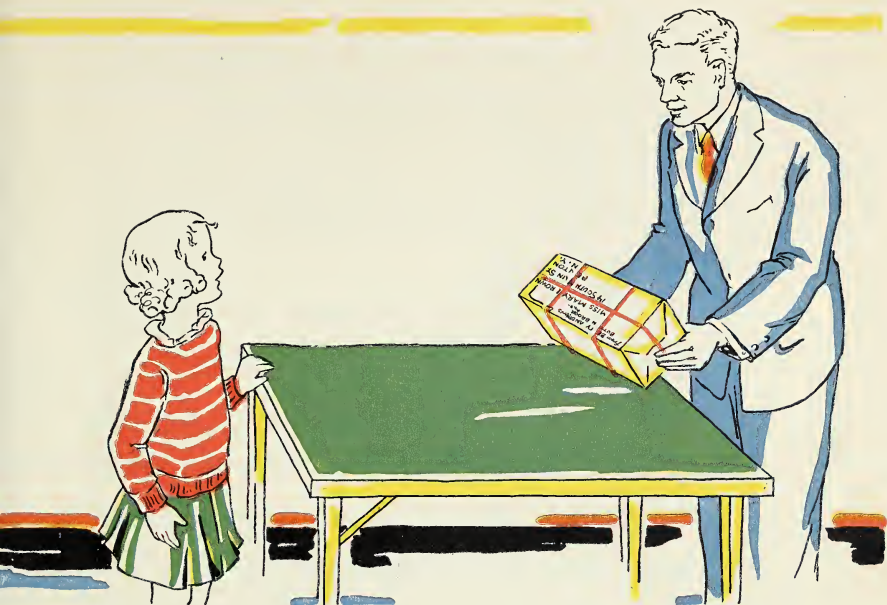
“Let’s play we are going to mail our packages,” said Billy.

“Oh let’s,” said Betty. “Then we will know how to do our Christmas mailing.”

“I’ll stand behind this table,” said Postman Pops. “The table will be the parcel post window.”

Billy put his package on the table.

“Print your return address on this package,” said Pops, giving the package back to Billy.



“Next,” he called.

Pops looked at Betty’s package. The address was printed in ink. The return address was printed in the left corner.

The package was wrapped in heavy paper. The string was tied with a good square knot.

“Is there anything in the package that will break?” asked Postman Pops.

“No,” said Betty.

“Is there any writing inside the box?” he asked.

“Only a card,” said Betty. “It says, ‘from Billy and Betty to Uncle Ted.’”

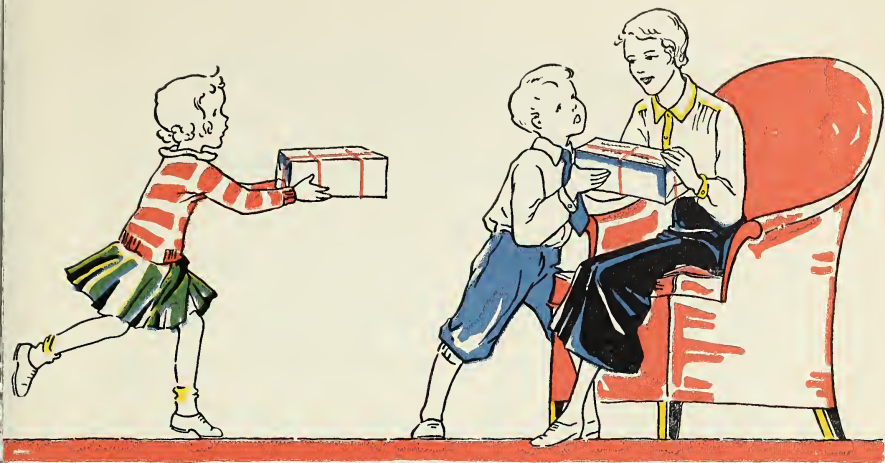
“A card with your name on it is all right,” said Postman Pops. “If you put a letter into the box, you must pay more postage. You pay letter postage then.”

“May we wrap some real packages now?” asked Betty.

“We will remember everything,” said Billy.

“Good!” said Pops. “But there is something more that you must know about mailing your Christmas packages.”

“What is it?” asked Betty.



“How many times must you say a thing to remember it, to remember it for always and always and always?” asked Postman Pops.

“Oh,” said Betty, “if it is important, I suppose one time is enough. I always remember important things.”

“It is so important,” said Pops, “that I am going to ask you to say it over three times. Then you will never forget.”

“What is it, Pops?” asked Billy.

“This is it,” said Postman Pops. “Mail your packages early! Mail them three weeks before Christmas!”

Billy and Betty sang out, “We will mail our packages three weeks before Christmas! Three weeks before Christmas! Three weeks before Christmas!”

“Christmas time is a busy time for the postman,” said Pops. “More letters are mailed at Christmas time. More packages are mailed.

“All the letters and packages must be canceled and sorted. Then they must be sent and delivered.

“Sometimes there are snow storms. Storms may make the mail trains late. So, if you want your packages on time for Christmas, mail them early!”

“But,” said Billy, “I don’t want Uncle Ted to see his present before Christmas. If I mail it so soon, it may get there a week before Christmas.”

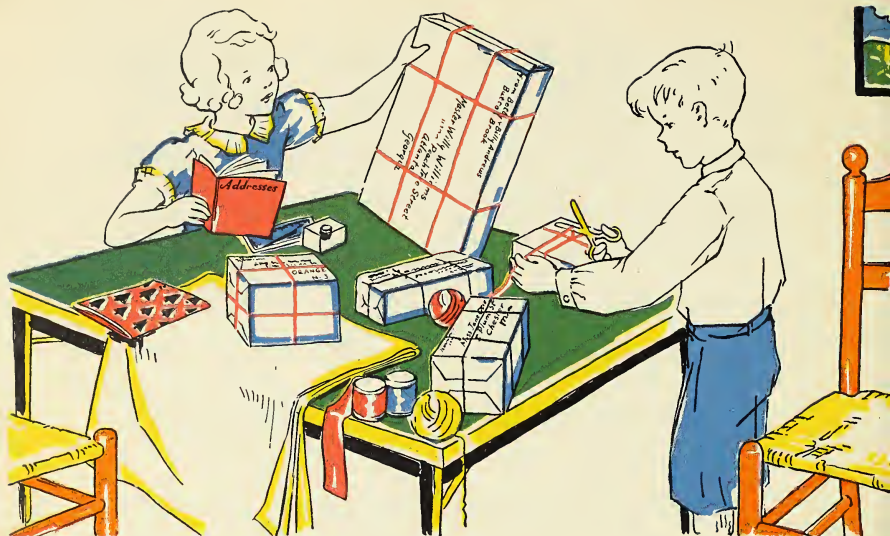
Postman Pops laughed. “Put a sticker on it that says, ‘Do not open until Christmas,’” he said.

“Let’s get some stickers, Betty,” said Billy.

“And we will mail our packages three weeks before Christmas,” said Betty.

“You have just three days to get them wrapped,” said Postman Pops.





Mailed On Time!

“That’s done!” called Betty.

Snip! Snip! Snip! The last string was cut.

“And that’s done!” said Billy. He tied the last knot.

“One, two, three, four, five Christmas packages all ready to mail,” said Betty.

“Now for the addresses on the outside of the packages,” said Betty.

She looked again in Mother’s address book.

Ten minutes — twenty minutes — thirty minutes ticked away.

“Mumsy,” asked Betty, “what does R.F.D. No. 2 on Aunt Mary’s address mean?”

“Aunt Mary does not live in the city. She has no street address. She lives in the country on mail route Number 2,” said Mumsy.

“R.F.D. means, Rural Free Delivery. Rural means, in the country. The rural mail carrier for route number 2 will deliver Aunt Mary’s package.”

“Let’s mail our packages now,” said Billy.

Mother put on her hat and coat.

“I shall walk with you to the post office,” she said. “You may mail the packages. I have a letter to register.”

Betty and Billy hurried into their snow suits. They pulled on their mittens. They pulled on their overshoes. They pulled on their woolly caps.

“We are off,” they said as they opened the door.

Snow blew against their rosy faces as Betty, Billy, and Mother hurried away, down the street to the post office!





Billy and Betty took their packages to the parcel post window. The clerk weighed each package.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

Each package was stamped with the word, "Insured." Billy paid the postage, and the clerk gave him five slips of paper. Billy put the slips in his pocket.

"If one of the packages should get lost," said the clerk, "the post office will give you back some money."



The five packages were all mailed.

Billy and Betty ran to Mother. She was at the window marked, "Registered Mail" and "Money Orders."

The clerk weighed Mother's letter.

Thump! Mother's letter was marked with big letters, REGISTERED. _____.

The clerk wrote something in a little book. Then he stamped the letter with the register stamp.

He wrote a number on the letter.

“Here is your receipt,” he said to Billy and Betty’s mother.


He gave her a part of the paper out of the book.

“Eighteen cents,” said the clerk; “fifteen cents for registering the letter, and three cents for a return receipt.”

Mother gave him eighteen cents.

“What is the number for?” asked Betty.

RECEIPT FOR REGISTERED ARTICLE No. 142	
1. <i>U.S.</i> fee paid. <i>1</i> class postage paid. <i>Recd.</i> <i>3</i> , 19	
Declared value, \$ <i>20</i> Surchage paid, \$ <i>(Date)</i>	
From <i>Mrs. John A. Andrews</i>	
<i>304 1/2 1st Ave. N.Y.</i> (Street and number) (City and State)	
Addressed to <i>Rt. Richardson</i> (Post office and State)	
<i>110 5th Ave. New York City N.Y.</i> (Address only)	
Accepting employee will place initials in space below, indicating restricted delivery	
Return receipt fee <i>3.4</i> in person <i>Special delivery fee</i>	
Delivery restricted to addressee <i>C. W. JONES</i> Postmaster, per <i>Brown</i>	
or order	
5-6869	



"If this letter is lost, the post office can find it by that number and this slip," said Mother.

"All the names and addresses on the registered letters are put in a book. Each name has a number. That number is put on the letter and on this slip. I must keep this slip until I get a return receipt which shows that my letter is delivered."

"What are money orders?" asked Billy.

"A money order is like a check for money," said Mother. "It is much safer to send a money order than to put money in a letter."

Billy and Betty were happy as they walked out of the post office. Their Christmas packages were all mailed EARLY!



A Special Delivery Letter From Grams

“A special delivery letter! A special delivery letter!” shouted Billy. “Hurry, Betty! Hurry! It’s for you. Come and sign for it!”

“For Betty Andrews,” said the special delivery postman.

Betty took the postman’s pencil. She wrote, *Betty Andrews* in the postman’s book.

“O-o-oh! It’s from Grams!” laughed Betty, looking at the return address.

Snip! Snip! Snip!

The letter was opened.

453 Pine Street
Port East
Connecticut
December 15

Dear Betty and Billy,
Up! Up! Up! into the sky went
your smoke letters to Santa.

So down out of the sky is
coming your Christmas present. I
am coming out of the sky.

Meet me at the Button Brook
airport Saturday at two o’clock.

Love,
Grams

“Grams is coming! Grams is coming!”
sang Betty.

“Grams is coming!” called Billy.
“She’s coming in an airplane, Pops!
Moms! Do you hear? Grams is coming!
Grams is coming in an airplane.”

“We will meet her at the airport! We’ll
meet her at the airport!” sang Betty.

Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

The doorbell rang. Billy took two skips
and a hop across the room. He opened
the door.

“Another postman!” cried Billy.

“A package for Mrs. Andrews,” said the
postman.



“It’s for you, Mumsy!” called Betty, running over to Mother.

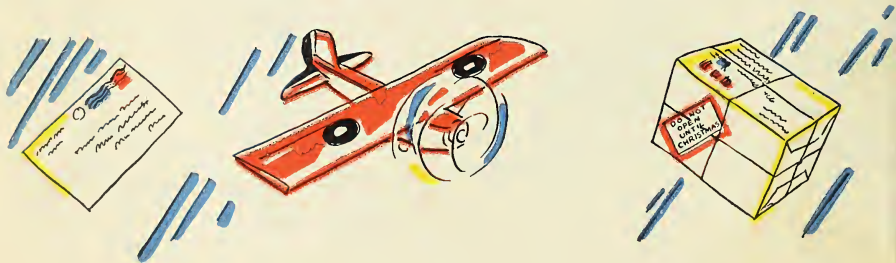
Mother came to the door. The package was insured. Mother signed her name in the postman’s book.

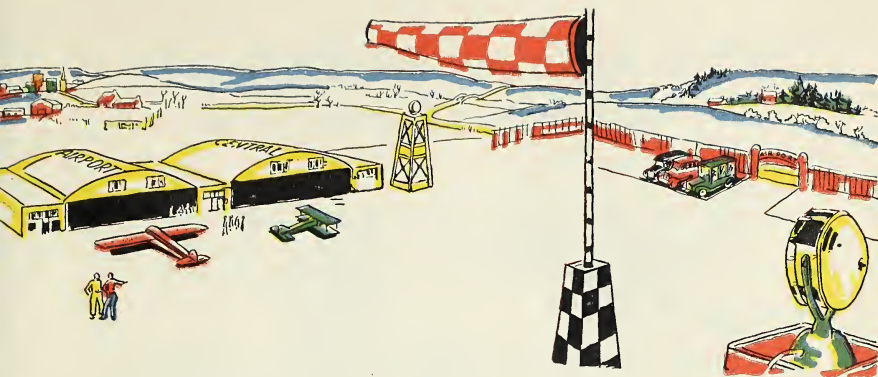
“What is it? What is it?” asked Betty.

“Secrets!” laughed Mother. “See the big sticker on the package. The sticker says, ‘Do Not Open Until Christmas!’”

Billy and Betty and Mother laughed.

“I like Christmas,” said Betty. “Everything is secrets and surprises. The postman brings letters and packages. Grams is coming in an airplane!”





Flying Letters

“Here is the airport!” called Billy.

A long cloth bag blew in the wind.
It was high up on a pole.

Puff! Puff! Puff! The wind blew it
full of air.

“That long bag shows the airplane pilots
which way the wind is blowing,” said
Pops. “An airplane must always fly
against the wind when it lands and when
it takes off.”

Pops stopped the car behind the station. Billy and Betty jumped out and ran around to the front.

A man let go a big red balloon.

“Why did that man let the balloon go?” asked Billy.

“He is the weather man,” said Pops. “Watch the balloon.”

Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! Higher and higher went the balloon. The weather man looked up.

“The weather will be fair and cooler,” he said. “Fair and cooler.”

“Look!” shouted Billy.

A black speck came through the clouds.

“Grams’ airplane is on time,” sang Betty, skipping about.

Nearer! Nearer! Nearer! Burr! Burr! Burr! Louder and louder it roared!

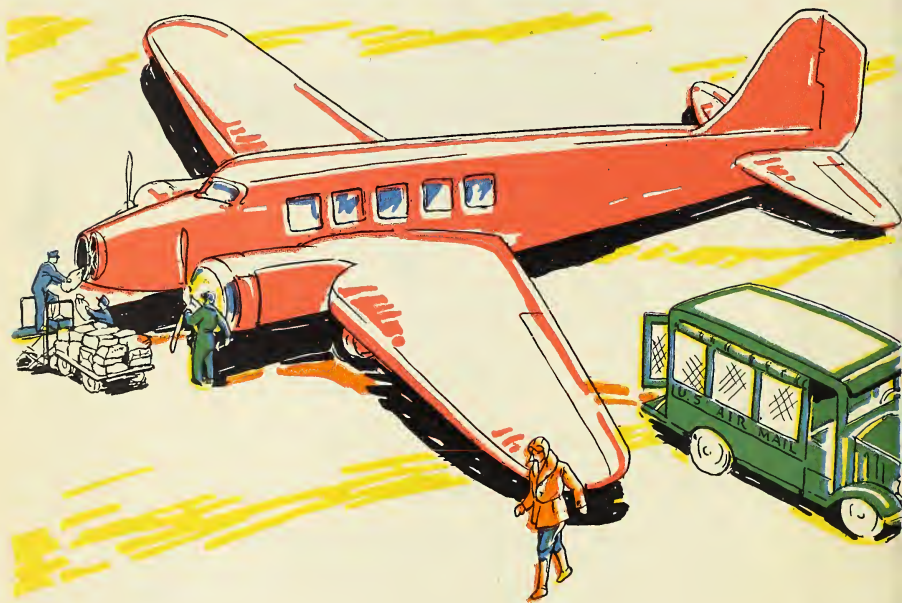


Then the noise stopped.
There was the plane! There was Grams!
Hugs and laughs! Laughs and hugs!
How happy they all were!

“Look!” called Postman Pops. “The plane that brought Grams out of the sky brought bags of mail, too.”

Sure enough! Pull! Pull! Pull!

Men pulled at the big mail sacks. Out came one. Then another!



A mail truck drove up. The driver unlocked the door. He took out two bags of mail.

The mail clerk put them into the plane. Bang! He closed the door of the plane. The mail bags were safely put away.

The clerk put two mail bags into the truck. The driver locked the door. Away went the truck to the post office.

"We're off!" called the pilot as he climbed back into his plane.

The engine roared! Billy and Betty waved!

"Now let's go home," said Grams.

Billy, Betty, Grams, and Pops got into the car, and away they went to Mumsy.



Postmen of Long Ago

Green lights twinkled.

Red lights twinkled.

Yellow lights twinkled.

Blue lights twinkled.

The tree by the fireplace twinkled from top to bottom. Bits of bright color danced and danced.

It was nearly bedtime of a very happy Christmas Day.

“And Grams rode through the clouds with the mail!” said Billy.

“Yes,” said Grams. “I had a fine ride. But it was not like the rides the postmen of long ago took with their mail. Shall I tell you a story about them?”

“Yes, please do!” said two happy voices.



“My story happened long ago,” said Grams. “There were no trains to carry people from one place to another. There were no trains to carry mail.

“Men carried the mail on horseback. Some men rode with the mail all day. Other men took the mail and rode all night. They called this mail route The Pony Express.

“One of the Pony Express riders was a boy only fifteen years old. This boy went by the sun in the daytime. He went by the stars at night. He knew which way to go. There were no roads then.



“One time he rode thirty-six hours without resting or sleeping. Always he said to himself, ‘The mail must go through! The mail must go through!’

“The boy’s name was Buffalo Bill.

“It took the Pony Express ten days to carry mail over the mountains and plains from Missouri to California. The postage was five dollars for each letter.

“The postmen of long ago rode all day and all night. They carried the mail in the cold winter and in the hot summer. Sometimes they had to fight with Indians. They were brave, brave postmen!”



The Swimming Postmen

“Move up close to the fire, Billy and Betty,” said Postman Pops. “It’s a cold night outside and I am going to tell you a story that will make you shiver. It is about ‘The Swimming Postmen.’”

Betty jumped on Pops’ knee. “You must keep me warm,” she laughed.

“Far away in the South Seas, there is an island,” began Pops.

“No boats can go close to it. Too many rocks are in the water near the land. Even little boats can’t go over the rocks.

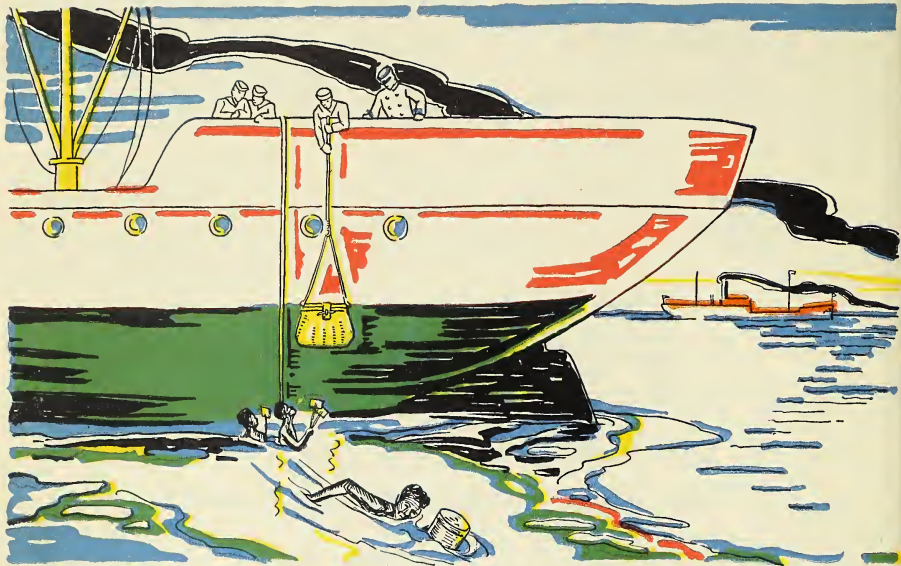
“Sometimes a big ship comes to this island with the mail. It stops a mile away from the island.

“Three or four postmen on the island put on their bathing suits. They jump into the water.

“Each postman has a stick with a bunch of letters tied on the end of it, and swims out to the ship.

“The people on the island are sending letters away.





“The men on the ship watch for the postmen. They put a rope over the side of the ship with a basket fastened on it.

“The swimming postmen put their letters into the basket.

“Up! Up! Up! The men on the ship pull the basket. They take the letters out and put them into a mail bag.

"Then they throw a can into the water. In it are all the letters for the people on the island.

"The swimming postmen catch the can and push it through the water to the island!"

"That's the end of my story," said Pops. "I am glad I don't wear a wet bathing suit when I deliver my letters!"

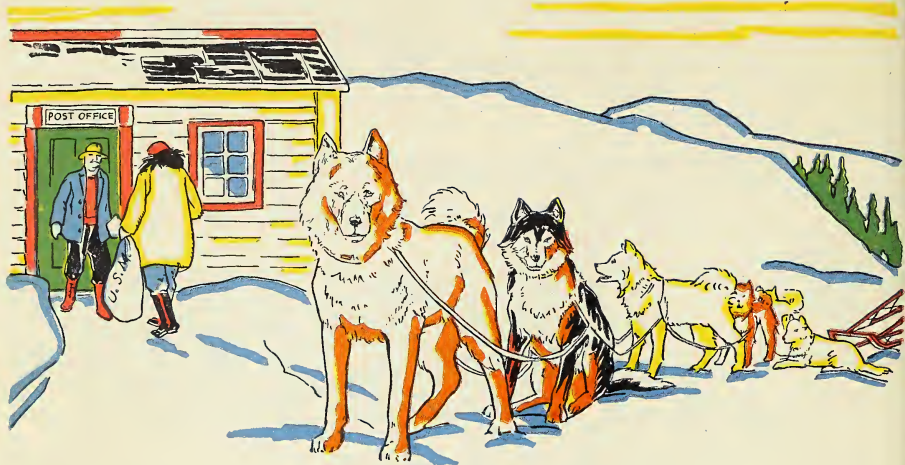
"This is Christmas night," said Mumsy, "so my story is about snow and ice. It's about dogs and sleds, too."

"About Eskimos," guessed Betty and Billy.

"Yes," said their mother. "And about a long, long sled piled high with bags."

"MAIL BAGS!" guessed Billy.

"Right again," said their mother. "Now for the story. My story is about Eski."



Eski, the Mail Carrier

“Eski is a big woolly Eskimo dog,” said Mother. “He is the leader of the dogs that pull the mail sled.

“Letters mailed to the Far North are carried miles and miles on sleds.

“Trains can’t run there. There are no railroads. The snow is too deep. The only trains are dog trains.

“The mailman runs along on snowshoes behind the sled. Sometimes he calls to his dogs. But the lead dog does most of the driving.

“Eski was cross one day!

“‘Get to work, you fellows!’ he growled at the other dogs in dog talk. ‘Every dog on this team must work!’

“Mo, another dog, growled back at him. ‘We haven’t had food for two days. How can we pull this heavy sled?’

“Eski jumped at Mo. He bit him with his sharp teeth!

“‘You lazy dog!’ he seemed to say.

“‘A mail dog does his work.

“‘A mail dog eats when there is food. A mail dog works when there isn’t any food! A mail dog gets the mail through on time!’”

“Think of that, Betty,” said Billy. “A dog postmaster! And he bites his mail clerks if they don’t work!”

“How many mail bags do the dogs pull at a time?” Billy asked.

“Never more than three or four. It’s hard work pulling a heavy sled over snow and ice,” said Mother.

“Where does the mail go?” Billy asked.

“It goes to the mail stations,” said his mother. “All the people come for their letters.



“There are rest stations along the way for the dogs. They eat fish and meat while they rest.

“When it is very cold, the dogs wear shoes. The shoes keep the snow and ice from cutting their feet.”

“Is all the mail in the North carried by dog sleds?” Betty asked.

“Some of it is carried by airplanes,” said Mother. “But dogs still carry much of the mail.”

“So Eski is one of Uncle Sam’s mail carriers!” said Billy.

“Yes,” said Mother. “But now you children must go to bed.”

Away went Billy and Betty to their warm beds, glad that they didn’t carry the mail in the Far North or swim for it in the Far South.

Mail Boats

Billy and Betty jumped out of bed. They put on their clothes as fast as they could. They were going to New York City.

Postman Pops had a vacation. Pops was taking one week of his vacation in the winter. The other week he would take in the summer time.

Postman Pops was going to New York, too—A whole day of fun for Betty, Billy, Mumsy, and Postman Pops!

“We’re going to see a mail boat,” sang Betty as she pulled on her shoes.

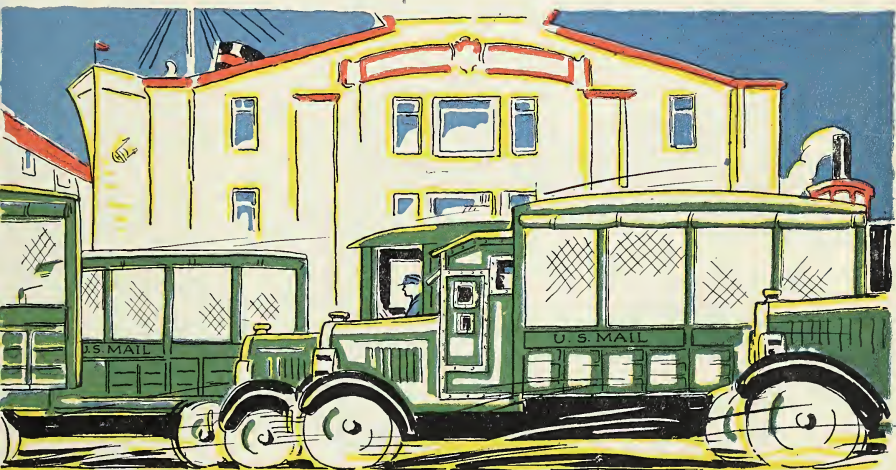
“And the biggest post office in all the world,” said Billy.

Betty, Billy, Mumsy, and Postman Pops rode on a fast train. It was full of people. They were all going to New York.

In New York, Betty, Billy, Mumsy, and Postman Pops hurried to the dock where the mail boats land.

At the dock Billy cried out, "Look at all the bags of mail."

"Yes," said Pops, "there are bags and bags and bags! They came from many many countries. They came on the big ships from across the ocean."



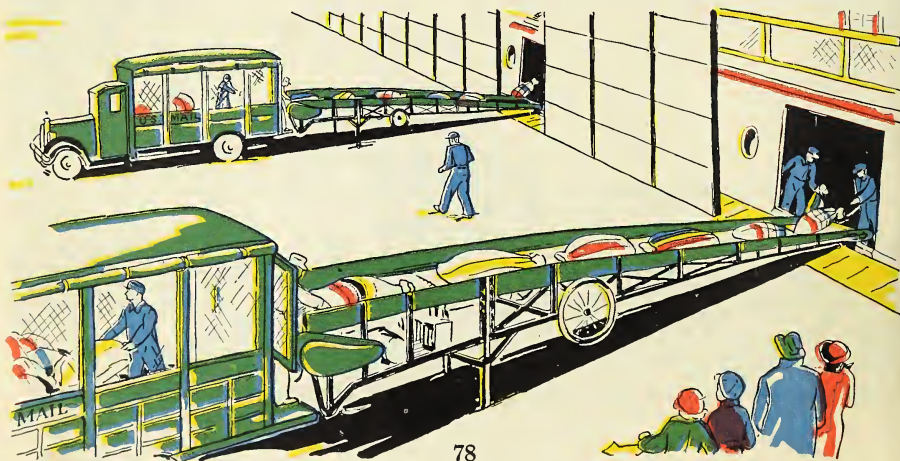
Honk! Honk! Honk!

"Here come the mail trucks!" said Billy.
"Trucks and trucks and trucks, all piled
high with mail bags."

"There's the mail boat!" called Pops.

A moving belt carried the bags of mail
from the boat to the boat landing. Bags
and bags and bags! Men put the bags
on the trucks.

Some of the bags were white.



Some bags had a wide red stripe.
Other bags were red, white, and blue.
There were red and yellow ones, too.
The mail bags came from many, many
countries. The bags from each country
had special colors and stripes.

A flag waved from a boat with "U.S.M."
on it. That means United States Mail.

"Where is the big ship that brought all
this mail?" asked Billy.



“The big ships stop out in the harbor before they come to the dock,” said Pops. “The mail is put into the mail boats and brought here to the mail dock.”

“That means that the mail is the most important thing on the boat,” said Billy. “It gets off first!”

Off the boat came more mail bags.

Pile! Pile! Pile! One truck was full of mail bags.

Pile! Pile! Pile! Another truck was full of mail bags.

Away drove the trucks! Away to the biggest post office in the world!

Away went Billy, Betty, Mumsy, and Pops into the subway.

Away went the subway through black tunnels. Soon they were at the biggest post office in the world!



The Biggest Post Office in the World

Billy and Betty had a big surprise.

They saw dolls, bicycles, skates, clothes, radios, and books everywhere!

They were in the biggest post office in the world. It looked like a store!

"This is the dead package room," said Postman Pops, laughing.

All the packages which come untied and all the packages that are not addressed plainly are put in the dead package room.

"I am glad you showed us how to tie square knots, Pops," said Billy.

"And how to print addresses plainly," called Betty.

"Sometimes, people who lose mail, come or write to this office," said Postman Pops. "Sometimes they find their mail. Packages stay here for two or three months. Then the post office sells them. The post office will have a big sale here soon."

"Now follow me," called Postman Pops.

The next room was the dead letter room!

Clip! Clip! Clip! A cutting machine opened a big pile of letters. It opened all the letters with the wrong addresses.

One letter had a five dollar bill in it.

“The owner of that letter may be found,” said Pops. “If he isn’t found, the post office will get five dollars!”

Burr! Whirr! Burr! Click! Stamp!

In another room packs of letters went through canceling machines.

“These machines work all day and all night,” said Postman Pops.

Thump! Burr! Night and Day!
Thump! Burr!

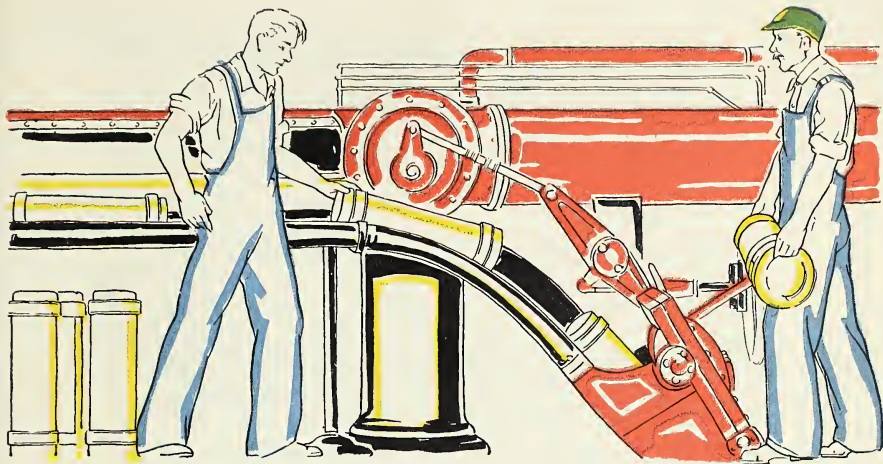




Postman Pops took Betty and Billy into the sorting rooms.

Clerks were busy sorting letters! Some letters went to New York! Some letters went to other cities! Some letters went to other countries!

“Look at the big red machine!” called Billy.



“Come!” said Pops. “Let’s see what it is for.”

Plop! Plop! Plop! Mail clerks dropped cans into the machine. Each can went down into a tube.

A clerk opened one of the cans. Billy and Betty peeped inside.

“Full of letters!” cried Betty.

“They go to other parts of New York City,” said the clerk.

“Are there other post offices in New York?” asked Betty in surprise.

“Many little ones,” said Postman Pops. “Each one is called a ‘station.’”

Billy and Betty watched the cans go into the machine. Each can was marked with the name of a station.

“Those tubes all go under the ground,” said Postman Pops. “The cans filled with letters fly through the tubes to the other stations in New York. Some of the cans go five miles under ground!”

Plop! Plop! Plop! Bags of letters fell into a big pile.

Betty and Billy ran to watch.

“Here they come!” cried Billy. “Look, Betty! Look!”

The letter bags came on a moving belt. The belt was high in the air.



Off the belt they dropped! Plop! Plop!
Postman Pops showed Billy and Betty
where the mail bags were piled on the
trucks.

Trucks! Trucks! Trucks!
Everywhere they saw trucks!
Trucks were taking mail bags to boats
and trains! Trucks were bringing mail
bags from boats and trains!

Mail was going out of the biggest post office in the world.

Mail was coming into the biggest post office in the world.

“This is the busiest place in all the world!” said Billy.

“Yes,” said Postman Pops. “The mail must go through on time!”

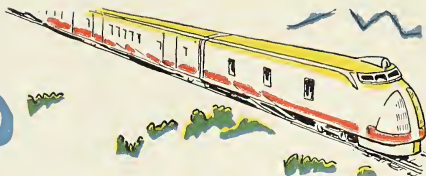
“That’s what the Pony Express riders said long ago,” said Billy.

“And that’s what the swimming postmen said,” called Betty.

“The flying postmen, too,” laughed Billy.

“And Eski, the Eskimo dog,” said Mumsy.

“Yes,” said Postman Pops. “That’s what Uncle Sam’s mail clerks and postmen say everywhere. The mail must go through on time.”



Postmen walk!

Postmen ride!

Postmen swim!

Postmen fly!



City postmen,

Country postmen,

Mail-train postmen,

Dog-sled postmen,

Postmen everywhere!



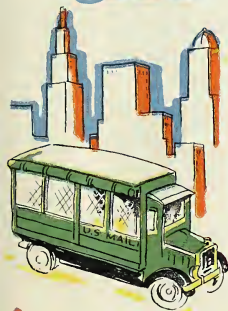
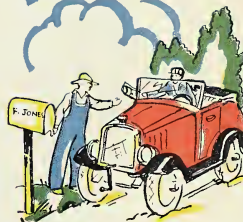
In big post offices,

In little post offices,

In summer in the sun,

In winter in the cold,

THE MAIL GOES THROUGH ON TIME



TO THE TEACHER

Here Comes the Postman is one of the books in the "Community Life Series," a series written to give children in primary grades accurate information on many important aspects of our community life.

Although especially planned for seven- and eight-year-old children, this book challenges the interest of both younger and older ones. It offers many suggestions for varied activities in the classroom and in the community and so will enable children better to interpret the service rendered by the postman. It should meet the requirements of both the conventional programs and the integrated programs in reading.

The story is told in an interesting style which follows closely the form of speech children use in expressing their ideas. It is rich in authentic content which has been verified by authorities in the field. The vocabulary has been carefully checked with the Thorndike and Gates lists to assure the use of words within the grasp of primary children.

In various preliminary forms *Here Comes the Postman* has been tried out in many classrooms in different sections of the country, and the suggestions of both teachers and children have been adopted.

To the children and teachers who thus helped to perfect the book, the editors offer their grateful appreciation. To those who read it in its present form, the editors wish many hours of interesting exploration.

THE EDITORS

[illegible]

CURR ~~REDACTED~~ 2-19-70

MAR 14 RETURN

CURR NO2 5 '70
NOV 22 RETURN

MAR 24 RETURN

CURR DE 3

Returned OCT 18 '77

6 PATIENT

FILED JAN 25 '78

THE RE 1479

DEC 7 1971	10:00 AM
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1840	570
1850	600

NOV 6 RETURN

LONG	10	3.75
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NOV 15 RETURN

~~MAP 1 - RETURN~~

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